

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

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OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—SO DOES THE MU-EL BRESS ZION, DAT IT AM ONLY ONCE

THEY SAY DAT OPPORTUNITY KNOCK AT EBRY MAN'S DOOR ONLY ONCE



LAZARRE

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

Book I deals with the results of the French Revolution, which drove noblemen from their country into the arms of the party that...

BOOK II. CHAPTER III—(Continued). WE REACHED the very barriers of Paris, however, without falling into trouble...

CHAPTER IV. THE idiot boy somewhere upon the hills of Lake George, always in a world of gloom...

CHAPTER V. It was here that Skenedon took his role as guide and stalked through narrow crooked streets...

CHAPTER VI. This did not befall the Indian. He took a bee line upon his old tracks, and when the place was sighted we threaded what seemed to be a rivulet between...

CHAPTER VII. My poor master stretched himself on a rug by the stove, and in disgust of life and great pain of mind...

CHAPTER VIII. I had thought on the answer and told him merely that my name was Williams. "Eh, bien, Monsieur Welesium. Take him to the east side, among the political offenders..."

CHAPTER IX. "With the knife in his hand." I had thought on the answer and told him merely that my name was Williams. "Eh, bien, Monsieur Welesium. Take him to the east side, among the political offenders..."

CHAPTER X. "What name?" the recorder inquired. "What name?" the recorder inquired. "What name?" the recorder inquired. "What name?" the recorder inquired.

CHAPTER XI. "The bread is very bad, and the beans too hard to eat. We do not furnish the ration; it is not our fault. The rule here is nothing but nothing. But sleep in your breeches while you can. You will soon be ready enough to eat them."

CHAPTER XII. "We are robbed," I told his deaf ears. "We are robbed," I told his deaf ears. "We are robbed," I told his deaf ears. "We are robbed," I told his deaf ears.

"The light, poured freely all over the city, the light that belongs to you and me as much as to anybody, would save you! I wish I could pick you up and carry you out where the sun would shine through your bones! But let us be glad you and I, that there is a woman who is not buried like a whitening apron under this weight of stone! She is free, to walk around and take the light in her gray eyes and the wind in her brown hair. I swear to God if I ever come out of this I will never pass so much as a little plant prostrate in darkness, without helping it to the light!"

It was night by the loophole when our turnkey threw the door open. I heard the priest and his sacristan joking in the corridor before they entered carrying their sacred parcels. The priest was a doddering old fellow, almost deaf, for the turnkey shouted at his ear, and dim of sight, for he stooped close to look at the dying man, who was beyond confession.

"Bring us something for a temporary altar," he commanded the turnkey, who stooped in the cell with me. Perhaps the groan had come from a neighboring prisoner. Then a faint stir of covering could be heard upon the floor.

I rose and pressed as far as I could into my corner. No heat of the wilderness ever had such terror for me as the unknown thing that had been my cell-mate for a night without my knowledge. "Was a vampire—a demon—a witch—a ghost locked in there with me?"

"Who is there?" I demanded; as if the knowledge of a name would cure terror. I got no answer, but the light in hand, moved toward my cell, determined to know what housed with me. The jug of water stood in the way, and I lifted it with instinctive answer to the groan.

The creature heard the splash, and I knew by its mutter what it wanted. Gropping darkly, to police the jug for an unseen man, he realized that something helpless to the verge of death lay on the bed, and I would have to find the mouth myself or risk drowning it. I held the water on the bedrail with my right hand, and with my left I found a clammy, death-cold forehead, and nose and cavernous cheeks, an open and fever-roughened mouth. I poured water down the throat, and bathed the face. That would have been my first desire. In extreme moments, the poor wretch gave a reviving moan, so I felt emboldened to steady the jug and let drop the water on his forehead.

Forgetting the horror of the bed I sat there, repeating at intervals this poem in prayer until the porthole again opened, and blackness became the twilight of day. My cellmate could not see me. I doubt if he ever knew that a hand gave him water. His eyes were meaningless, but he was so gaunt that his body scarcely touched the bed.

Some beans and mouldy bread were put in for my rations. The turnkey asked me how I intended to wash myself, and I asked him to bring me a towel. He inquired further if I had any soap, and I disposed of my shirt or breeches. "What ails this man?"

He shrugged, and said the prisoner had been in the hospital. "You get fever in Ste. Pelagie," he added, "especially when you eat the prison food. This man ought to be sent to the infirmary, but the infirmary is overflowing with the same kind of cases. Who is he?"

"A journalist, or poet, or some miserable cannibal of that sort. He will soon be out of your way." Our guard craned over to look at him. "Ours is a dying man! A priest must be sent to his room. I remember he demanded one several days ago."

But that day and another dragged through before the priest appeared, I thought upon my waistcoat, and got a wretched meal, and a few spoonfuls of wine that I used to moisten the dying man's lips. His life may or may not have been prolonged, but out of collapse he opened his mouth repeatedly and took the drops. He was more my blessing than I was his.

For I had an experience which has ever since been a terror to me. I was in the prison. The first day, in spite of the cell's foulness, I laughed secretly at jailers and felt at peace, holding the world at bay. I did not know that Ste. Pelagie was the tomb of the accused, where more than one prisoner dragged out years without learning why he was put there. I do not know if he could be seen, but I was not brought to any trial or examination.

But gradually an uneasiness which cannot be imagined by one who has not felt it, grew upon me. I wanted light, before the priest appeared, I wanted light to vivify the stifling air, which died as this man was dying—as I should die—in blinding mirk!

Moisture broke out all over my body, and cold as steel, the wind in her brown hair, I swear to God if I ever come out of this I will never pass so much as a little plant prostrate in darkness, without helping it to the light!

DEATHS. Kelly, wife of the late Patrick J. Campbell, funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. on Thursday morning at 1152 Green street, Solemn Requiem Mass at the Church of the Assumption, at 10 a. m. Interment Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. McCollins—On August 22, 1915, WILLIAM COLLINS, husband of Elizabeth P. McCollins, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. MUNCH—On August 24, 1915, LOUIS MUNCH, Jr., husband of Louise Munch (nee Weidner), died at his late residence, 422 E. 12th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. NIXON—On August 23, 1915, MARY NIXON, wife of William Nixon, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. O'DONNELL—On August 23, 1915, MRS. O'DONNELL, wife of Michael O'Donnell, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. PRIGGE—On August 23, 1915, FREDERICK PRIGGE, husband of Mary Prigge, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. RITTER—On August 24, 1915, PHILIP J. RITTER, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. SCHWELGER—On August 23, 1915, ANNA SCHWELGER, wife of Joseph Schwelger, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. SEYBERT—On August 23, 1915, WILLIAM SEYBERT, husband of Mary Seybert, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. SHAW—On August 23, 1915, MARY SHAW, wife of William Shaw, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. SMITH—On August 23, 1915, JOHN SMITH, husband of Mary Smith, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. STEINER—On August 23, 1915, ANNE STEINER, wife of Joseph Steiner, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. THOMAS—On August 23, 1915, MARY THOMAS, wife of William Thomas, died at her late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

DEATHS. WALKER—On August 23, 1915, JOHN WALKER, husband of Mary Walker, died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

Mail Liabilities to Confiscation

Notification was received at the Philadelphia Postoffice today as to a new ruling by the administration of the Argentine Republic which makes certain articles of value sent to that country liable to confiscation under given conditions. The circular issued from the Argentine Republic states that all articles of value sent to that country from other countries through the mails are handed over to the Argentine customs authorities for disposal if the said articles are liable to customs duty. According to the Argentine customs regulations such articles are subject to confiscation in case the addressee fails to pay the customs duty thereon.

Charges Against Captain Dismissed

The charges against Captain George Ward, of the steamboat City of Chester, have been dismissed by the officials of the Steamboat Inspection Service for lack of evidence. Captain Ward was accused of making no effort to rescue a drowning woman seen in Christians River. There is no record of his neglect of duty, or that the woman had ever been on the boat.

Funeral of F. J. McConnell

Funeral services for Frank J. McConnell, a noted trapshooter, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at his residence, 3608 Chestnut street. Interment will be private. Mr. McConnell was 62 years old and for ten years had been considered one of the best trapshooters in the country. During the last four years he won five first prizes as a member of the S. S. White Dental Company's team.

J. Turner Brakely

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Aug. 25.—J. Turner Brakely died after a stroke of paralysis last night at his home, Hawthorn, near Bordentown. He was 72 years old and had lived in Bordentown for many years. He was the only son of the late Rev. J. H. Brakely, who conducted the Bordentown Female College. He was unmarried.

IN MEMORIAM

MEANSLEY—In memory of ELLEN MEANSLEY, who departed this life August 22, 1915. Ever present to memory. SON.

Deaths

ALSOVER—On August 22, 1915, ELMER E. ALSOVER, relative and friend, also a member of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Trust Co., died at his late residence, 104 North 27th street, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

"The Little Fish," or the water frolics of Florence McLaughlin, is the latest contribution from Kathryn Haire. Read the story of Philadelphia's 12-year-old mermaid in Sunday's SPORTS MAGAZINE

CLASSIFIED RATES

DAILY AND SUNDAY PUBLIC LEDGER. This is the BEST TYPE or like this. One insertion in a week... 10c per line. Three insertions in a week... 12c per line. Seven insertions in a week... 14c per line. All rates are based on space measured, 14 lines to the inch.

COMBINATION RATE

DAILY ONLY. For insertions in both the morning and evening papers, 10c per line.

PUBLIC LEDGER

(MORNING) EVENING LEDGER (EVENING). Add four cents per line not to rates given.

HELP AND SITUATIONS WANTED ADVERTISING

IN THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS INSERTED IN THE EVENING LEDGER WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE. There is a drug store near your home that will accept Ledger want ads at office rates.

PERSONALS

WANTED—Some charitably inclined person to donate a motorcar to religious and relief work in South Philadelphia. Address Captain Ed. V. Parker, 132 Jackson st.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Advert. Wanted and Situations Wanted advertising inserted in the Evening Ledger is repeated in the Evening Ledger the same day. Most desirable. Public Ledger, Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock.

CHAMBERMAID and waitress, white, Protestant; two families; no children; willing to work hard to learn business; must furnish best city credit; salary, \$10 per week; advancement. A. J. Langer, 1000 Locust st., Philadelphia.

GENERAL HOUSEWORK, no cooking; with furniture; two adults; suburbs; refer. See Red. Room 238, Ledger Office.

COOK, young woman, Catholic. Apply F. G. A. Ledger Office.

ROOMER—White, Prot. girl, gen. housework; no children; refer. See Red. Room 238, Ledger Office.

ROOMER—Capable girl wanted; refer. See Red. Room 238, Ledger Office.